The CHILDREN'S BOOK *of* CELEBRATED SCULPTURE

LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

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THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CELEBRATED SCULPTURE

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BY

LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

Author of "The Children's Book of Celebrated Pictures," "Famous Pictures of Real Animals," etc., etc.

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To My Son

FITCH CULBERTSON BRYANT

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Dear Children:

It pleases me very much that you love "The Children's Book of Celebrated Pictures," which I made for you last year. I want you to love this new book and try to remember the names of the statues and the stories about them.

Some of the men whose likenesses you see in the new book, such as Cheops and the Wooden Man, lived six thousand years ago. Would you think that Cheops was six thousand years old? His dainty little ivory statuette is as lifelike as any miniature of one of you made to-day.

We are learning that the people of long ago were very much like us and that they loved pictures just as we do. Many of the pictures, cut in stone and ivory and wood, have withstood for thousands of years the wear and tear of time and weather and burial in the earth. To-day they come forth to show us just how those people of old looked, and also to let us know what wonderful artists were living among them.

Now turn to statues made by American sculptors and compare our beloved "Abraham Lincoln" and "Death" and "The Sculptor" with Cheops and Homer. Who could believe that so many, many centuries lie between the making of these marvelous works of art! Time and nationality do not govern masterpieces; they belong to the ages with Abraham Lincoln and Homer. Great masters and great masterpieces speak for simplicity and truth. Be simple and truthful; then you will know great art.

With love and best wishes, from your friend,

LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT.

BAMBINO

Andrea della Robbia (1437–1528)

THERE is in Florence, Italy, an orphans' hospital, where until within a few years the babies were nursed by goats. When a baby cried the goat mothering that particular baby trotted to the crib and, nestling close to the fretting little one, gave it a nice warm drink of milk. She seemed to think the motherless baby was her own little kid wanting its dinner from Nanny-goat.

Andrea della Robbia, the nephew of Luca della Robbia (see page 64) made a number of round glazed medallion reliefs, with a bambino—bambino is Italian for baby—in each, dressed in swaddling-clothes. The Italian mother dresses the young baby by binding it in a wide band of cloth—swaddle means to bind. Andrea made each little tot very individual. No one would dare say again that all babies look alike after seeing his portraits of them. Even the straight-band dress acquires the look and character of the baby wearing it.

Andrea has also varied the color of the dress and background of his baby medallions, yet most of them are in white on blue background. Never was there a sweeter company of babies than the jolly roly-poly band stretching across the veranda entrance to the Foundling Hospital, Florence. For five hundred years these babies in majolica medallions have been welcoming homeless babies. No wonder that they stand to-day as an emblem of the successful care of babies.

Courtesy of Pratt Institute

FIG. 1. BAMBINO. A. DELLA ROBBIA. CATHEDRAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE

VENUS DE MILO

THE proper name of this lovely goddess is "Aphrodite of Melos." Aphrodite was the Greek goddess of love. The statue was found by a peasant in a grotto in 1820 and was sent as a present to Louis XVIII of France. She is now in the Louvre, Paris.

Aphrodite, or Venus, her Latin name, was very beautiful. But there were two other goddesses very beautiful, too. There was Athene or Minerva, her Latin name, the goddess of wisdom, and Hero or Juno, the queen of all the goddesses and gods. All went well until Eris, the goddess of discord, wishing to make trouble at a wedding-feast,—where she was not invited,—threw a golden apple among the guests, on which was written, "For the fairest." Now trouble began in earnest. Juno, Minerva, and Venus all claimed the apple. Even Zeus, the greatest god of all, did not dare decide which goddess should have the golden apple.

But Zeus knew that on Mount Ida was a beautiful shepherd-boy, Paris by name, tending his sheep. So Zeus, the coward, sent the goddesses to Paris for a decision. Each goddess promised Paris special gifts—Juno's was power and riches; Minerva's, glory in war—but these gifts did not satisfy the nature-loving Paris. Only when Venus promised him a wife so fair that none could equal her in beauty and charm was the heart of Paris touched. He gave the golden apple to Venus; but, alas, Juno and Minerva now hated the goddess of love, and out of this gift of the golden apple to Venus came the Trojan War.

As you look at the next picture, "Blind Homer," I will tell you the story of Paris and his beautiful wife, Helen of Troy.

FIG. 2. VENUS DE MILO. LOUVRE, PARIS

HOMER

NO story of all time is more thrilling than the story of the Trojan War as Homer tells it in the Iliad and Odyssey.

A number of years ago a little German boy, Henry Schliemann, said, after reading Homer, "I am going to find old Troy, for I believe there was such a city." The older people laughed at him, but when he grew up he did find old Troy in Asia Minor buried under seven towns. Some time I hope you will read the story of his digging for old Troy. To-day we can visit the ruins of Troy, the city where Paris hid the fairest woman whom Venus promised should be his wife.

I am sorry to say that Paris was not honorable when he visited King Menelaus of Sparta, in Greece, for when he saw Helen, the king's beautiful wife, he ran off with her. This mean and unjust act of Paris started the Trojan War. Of course the people of Sparta wanted their beautiful queen brought back to them, and of course the Trojans were determined to keep her. Then, to add to the fierceness of the fight, the three goddesses, who contested for the golden apple, took sides. Venus sided with the Trojans to save Paris, Minerva and Juno with the Greeks against Paris for slighting them. Finally all the gods and goddesses of the mythological realm took sides, and the war became a world war.

Now look again at "Blind Homer," in the Naples Museum, Italy. Whoever made the bust certainly understood how to express the inner vision of a blind poet. See how the lift of the eyebrows, the open eyes and slightly raised head tell that the seeing mind has visions greater than those of mere physical eyesight.

In the next picture, "Laocoon," I will tell you more about the Trojan War.

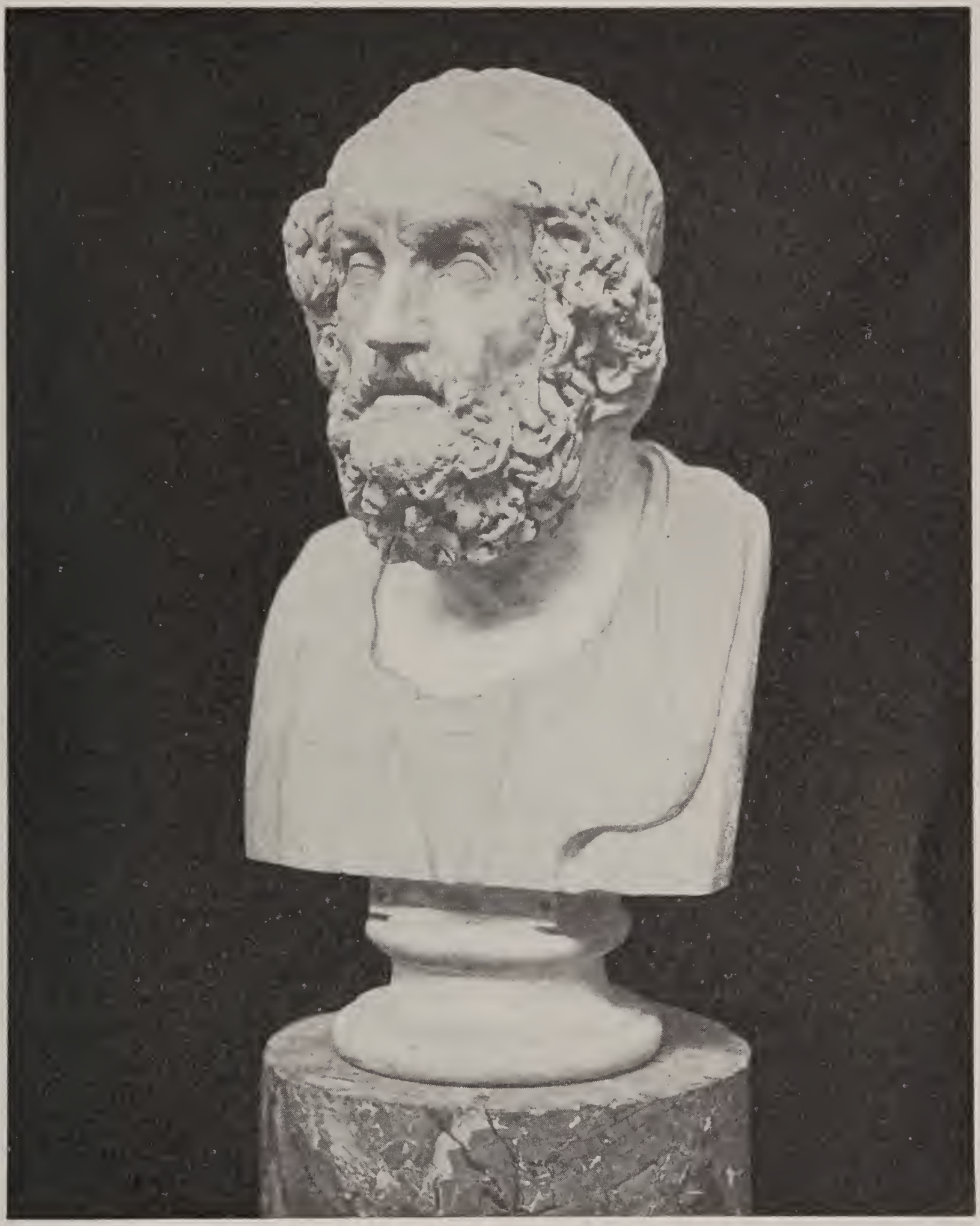

FIG. 3. HOMER. NAPLES MUSEUM, NAPLES

LAOCOON

THIS group of "Laocoon and His Two Sons" being strangled by the serpents is part of the story of the Trojan War.

When the Greeks found that they were not conquering Troy by arms they slyly changed their plans and sent the Wooden Horse to them as a gift. The Wooden Horse was so big that it hid in its interior a large number of Greek soldiers. When Laocoon, the priest of the city of Troy, saw the Wooden Horse standing outside the gate of the city he was suspicious and said to the Trojans, "I fear the Greeks even when they offer gifts." He struck the sides of the horse with his sword and heard a groan come from the inside. But just then a Greek youth—a spy—came up all out of breath, exclaiming brokenly, "The Wooden Horse—a good omen—an offering to Minerva—made big to keep the Trojans—from taking it through the gate!"

The Trojans believed the messenger rather than Laocoon, their priest. The Wooden Horse was taken into Troy, and the hidden Greek soldiers came out from the horse and took the city of Troy. In the meantime two huge serpents sent by Neptune, the god of the sea, strangled Laocoon and his two sons as they were offering a sacrifice to save Troy.

When the mutilated Laocoon group was found in Rome in 1506, Michael Angelo saw it uncovered and declared the group "was a marvel of art." If only Michael Angelo could have restored the group to its original pyramidal shape, then the raised arm of Laocoon would have been thrown back of his neck and the arm of the younger son bent close to the father's side. Maybe some day some one will change it.

Fig. 4. Laocoon. Vatican Museum, Rome

THE BOY WITH A THORN IN HIS FOOT

Boëthus (Second Century B. C.)

THE elder Pliny wrote about this statue of "The Boy Extracting a Thorn from His Foot." Pliny was the writer whose death was caused by the ashes of Old Vesuvius when its eruption destroyed Pompeii in 79 A. D. There are many marble and bronze copies of Boëthus' statue, but no one knows what became of the original bronze one. This marble copy in the Capitol Museum, Rome, is a charming bit of real life equal to the Dutch *genre*—real life—pictures made more than twelve hundred years later (see "Children's Book of Celebrated Pictures," page 44).

We love the homely, tousle-headed peasant boy. Only a moment ago he was entertaining us with hand-springs while asking for *pourboire.* It seems as if we could hear "ouch" coming from his open lips. It is hurting him to pick a thorn out of his foot; he has to dig down deep to get hold of it. Try doubling yourself up and turning your foot bottom upward. Only a well formed, naturally developed child can twist his legs and sit at ease as this boy does. He has always gone barefoot, and his legs are as agile as a young faun. I want you to look at his shapely foot. See how Boëthus has shown the perfect foot in the elongated second toe. Look at your companions when you go swimming and see if they have perfect feet according to Greek statues. This is a secret: going barefoot does not spoil the shape of the foot; it only strengthens the muscles and keeps the foot shapely in later life.

FIG. 5. THE BOY WITH A THORN IN HIS FOOT. BOËTHUS. CAPITOL MUSEUM, ROME

THE THINKER

Auguste Rodin (1840–1917)

TWO great artists have pictured for us the torments of souls in the inferno or hell: Dante Alighieri (1265–1321), the poet, and Auguste Rodin, the sculptor. Dante gave us a word picture and Rodin a bronze picture, and both pictures are masterpieces.

For more than twenty years Rodin worked on the "Door of Hell" alone. This solitary figure, "The Thinker," was designed to stand before the entrance of the door above which was written, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here!" The original statue stands in front of the Pantheon, Paris. This picture is from a bronze replica made by Rodin. It is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The people of France were so stupid that they did not know how great their own son, Rodin, was. Do you remember how stupid we were when we did not buy the picture of Whistler's "Mother" (see page 88, "Children's Book of Celebrated Pictures")? I want you to know the great masterpieces in art. If you know them, then you can tell, when you see the work of an American painter or sculptor, whether it is a worth-while picture or statue. Your honest praise when you really know how to judge a work of art will help the artist in his work. You cannot rightly judge until you have standards of excellence. The masterpieces of the world are your standards.

Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

FIG. 6. THE THINKER. RODIN

CHEOPS

The Great Pyramid–Builder

CHEOPS built the Great Pyramid in Egypt about six thousand years ago. And yet we have never known how Cheops looked until less than fifty years ago. Dr. Flinders Petrie, an English archæologist, found this tiny ivory statuette, only five inches high, at Abydos, Egypt, and on it is the name of Cheops.

Now look well at King Cheops or Khufu, of the fourth dynasty, about 4000 B. C., while I tell you a few facts about him. When Cheops was building the Great Pyramid for his tomb his laborers were his slaves. Of course he controlled millions of lives and used the groveling multitude to suit his own fancy. What if he did sacrifice hundreds of thousands of souls to build his tomb, his word was law! But he finally died and was embalmed. From an old Arabic book of twelve hundred years ago we learn that after Cheops's death his crushed subjects rose in their might. They burned the embalmed body of this absolute monarch. They burned his palaces and all his belongings until nothing remained but the Great Pyramid. And not until archæologists used the pick and the shovel was anything known about King Cheops.

To-day this "Portrait of Cheops" on his ivory throne sits in state in the Cairo Museum, Egypt. We nod to him as we pass. And why not? This tiny likeness of King Cheops is as alive with personal traits as is Mr. John Singer Sargent's portrait of Mr. John D. Rockfeller painted in the twentieth century.

FIG. 7. CHEOPS. CAIRO MUSEUM, EGYPT

CARYATIDES

OR

Porch of the Maidens

A CURIOUS story is told of these women supporting the "Porch of the Maidens," on the Acropolis, Athens. One of the Greek Cities was Caryæ in Arcadia and I am sorry to tell you that the people of Caryæ were untrue to the patriotic Greeks.

It was about the fifth century before the birth of Jesus, the Christ, that the Persians, under the great Xerxes, came down from Mesopotamia intending to conquer the people of Greece. And in the great battle of Thermopylæ, in 480 B. C., the Persians did overcome Greece. When the Caryans found that Leonidas, King of Sparta, was defeated by the vast army of Xerxes they immediately joined themselves to the side of the victors, the Persians. It was only a year later, however, that the Greeks overcame the Persians in the battle of Platæa, 479 B. C.

To punish the people of Caryæ for their treachery, the Greeks killed all the Caryan men, and carried the women to Greece and made them slaves. But even slavery was not punishment enough for these untrue women. The Greek sculptors, still further to shame them, made them pose as models for the supporting pillars of porches. Now look again at this beautiful "Porch of the Maidens." These pillars became known as Caryatides, natives of Caryæ.

Whether this story is true as to the origin of the name we do not know, but we do know that never were maidens more graceful, more dignified, or more fitted to be burden-bearers than these in the "Porch of the Maidens," on the Acropolis.

FIG. 8. CARYATIDES. ACROPOLIS, ATHENS

DEATH AND THE SCULPTOR

Daniel Chester French (1850)

THIS young sculptor, in "Death and the Sculptor," is scarcely more than a boy; Martin Milmore is his name. How like "David" he is; his curly hair, his firm feet, his strong hold of the chisel, and yet—a look of wonder is coming over his face, the chisel is slipping from his grasp. What does it mean? How gently Death is drawing him toward her. This boy sculptor, eager to carve in stone the wonderful pictures in his mind, was taken early to the bigger visions he now sees. Mr. French, who knows so well what a boy sees ahead of him, gives, in this bronze tablet, Forest Hill Cemetery, Boston, a bigger understanding of the dreams of youth.

Mr. Daniel Chester French was once a boy himself. He loved mud-pies, and when the hard, crisp turnips were dug from the frozen ground he delighted his boy friends with all sorts of animals carved from these turnips. One day he made a frog in clothes. When his stepmother saw it, she exclaimed, "Daniel, there is your career!"

His weird turnip figures attracted Miss Louisa May Alcott (author of "Little Women"). She insisted that the boy sculptor must be trained. Ralph Waldo Emerson saw in his future the famous sculptor he is to-day. I want you to know Mr. French's works; he is one of our modern old masters.

Courtesy of the Sculptor

FIG. 9. DEATH OF THE SCULPTOR. FRENCH. FOREST HILL CEMETERY, BOSTON

THE DISCUS-THROWER

Myron (About 500–440 B. C.)

"THE Discus Thrower" in the Vatican, Rome, is a marble copy of a bronze statue by Myron. The modern head ought to be turned more to the left.

Myron and Phidias were nearly the same age. To-day we know them as the great sculptors of Greece, born about 500 B. C. They studied together under the same master. Possibly Phidias was better known than Myron during their lifetime. Phidias was chosen by Pericles, the ruler of Athens, to rebuild the city after Xerxes, the Persian, destroyed it. His most noted works were the figures on the pediments or gable ends of the Parthenon. Thesius was one of the statues on the east gable (see page 92).

Myron was celebrated for his statues of animals. His "Bronze Cow," on the Pnyx hill in Athens, was so like a live cow that ancient writers tell funny stories about it. They wrote that gadflies settled on her metal skin, that shepherds tried to drive her and halter and hitch her to the plow. Even Myron himself, they said, could not tell her from the rest of his herd. These stories are all hearsay, for not a trace of Myron's "Bronze Cow" is left.

Myron was specially noted for his statues of men in action. In "The Discus-Thrower" every muscle is strained under the act of hurling the disk, yet the left foot is just ready to slip to rest when the disk is on its way through the air. Myron seemed to love action pure and simple.

FIG. 10. THE DISCUS THROWER. MYRON. VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME

COLLEONI AND HIS HORSE

Andrea Verrocchio (1435-1488)

COLLEONI was a great Venetian general. He left at his death a sum of money for an equestrian statue to be put up in St. Mark's Square. The Venetian authorities gave the order for making the statue to Verrocchio. The sculptor went to Venice and finished a model of the horse and then began a model of the general.

Just at this time the authorities changed their minds and sent word to Verrocchio that they decided to have the statue of Colleoni made by Leopardi. Of course this fickleness angered Verrocchio. He broke the head off his model of the horse and left Venice.

Now the Venetian authorities were angry and send word to Verrocchio that if he ever came back to Venice he would lose his head. Verrocchio must have laughed at this threat. He in turn sent word to the authorities that if they cut his head off they could not put it on again; he could put his horse's head on again. Then he added slyly, "I could make it even more beautiful than before." The Venetian authorities saw that they were beaten and begged the artist to come to Venice at twice the pay they had offered him at first, and make the whole group as you see it in the picture.

Verrocchio only lived to complete the models for "Colleoni and His Horse." For many years Leopardi, who had served a term in prison for forgery, claimed that he made the group, but we know to-day that Verrocchio made it.

When you go to Venice be sure and see "Colleoni and His Horse." The statue ought to be in St. Mark's Square, but the dishonest authorities did not fulfill their promise to General Colleoni. The spot where it stands is simply the "Schuola di San Marco," School of St. Mark.

FIG. 11. COLLEONI AND HIS HORSE. VERROCCHIO. SQUARE OF ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, VENICE

APOLLO BELVEDERE

APOLLO, twin brother to Diana (see page 26), was the son of Zeus and Latona. Great power was given him by his royal parents. He became god of the sun, god of life, god of poesy, and god of light. But his godlike gifts could not protect him from the god of love. Cupid was a cruel little imp when anything crossed him in love.

One day Apollo saw Cupid with his bow and arrows. He unwisely chid him by saying: "What have you to do with warlike weapons, saucy boy?" Go kindle your flames, as you call them, with your torch, and leave the bow and arrows to me."

Cupid was angry at this speech and replied, "Your arrows may strike all things else, Apollo, but mine shall strike you."

Now, Cupid had two arrows: one was love and the other hate; one was sharp and tipped with gold, the other blunt and tipped with lead. He stood on Mount Parnassus and drew his bow; the gold-tipped arrow sped through the heart of Apollo, and the lead-tipped one wounded the beautiful nymph Daphne. Poor Apollo! Poor Daphne! The one loved and the other hated. Apollo followed the fleeing Daphne; he called to her, he pleaded with her. He, the son of the great Zeus, could give her anything. At last he caught her in his arms. She cried in agony to her father to change her into any form. Scarcely had her words been spoken when her body stiffened, her limbs became tree-branches, and her shiny hair turned to leaves. Poor Apollo cried in his grief, "As you cannot be my wife, you shall be my tree; and I will wear your leaves on my brow." Thus the laurel became sacred to Apollo.

The statue of "Apollo Belvedere," in the Vatican, at Rome, shows the god just descended from high heaven to defend his beloved shrine at Delphi, Greece. The Gauls from the north are attacking it. Apollo with a scornful curl of his lips shakes his ægis a shield with Medusa's head before them, and the enemy flee.

FIG. 12. APOLLO BELVEDERE. VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME

DIANA AND THE STAG

SOMETIMES this statue is called "Artemis [the Greek name] and Her Hind." It represents the goddess just after she has brought the stag as a sacrifice. The story says that when Agamemnon, the Greek general, set sail to fight against the Trojans in the Trojan War, Diana, who favored the Trojans, was angry because the general had killed one of her stags. To punish him she sent a dead calm that held the ships almost stationary, and a pestilence broke out in the army. Agamemnon was at his wit's end, but a soothsayer told him to sacrifice his daughter Iphigenia; then Diana would repent. This was a terrible price to pay—kill his own daughter! But he must sail for Troy. He sent for his daughter. She believed that she was to be the bride of the great Achilles and knew not that she was to be a bride on the alter to Diana. But, just as the knife was descending, Diana snatched Iphigenia away and left a stag for the sacrifice. The statue of the virgin huntress, in the Capitol Museum, Rome, is beautiful in womanly grace. The swift-footed goddess defied capture.

But Diana was not always merciful in her caprices. One time she and her nymphs were bathing in her favorite woodland grotto when by chance Actæon wandered to the entrance of the grotto. The nymphs screamed and tried to shield the goddess. But she, taller than the rest, was seen by the astonished Actæon. Diana dashed water in his face exclaiming, "Now go and tell, if you can, that you have seen Diana unappareled." Before he could speak horns sprang from his head, his neck grew long, a spotted skin covered his body, and his ears grew pointed. He tried to cry, but no sound came. He rushed from the hateful place thinking to find his own dogs for protection. Alas, they did not know him! They began to chase him, supposing him the stag they were out to hunt. They sped over hill and dale. Poor Actæon, foot-weary and heartbroken, was overcome by his own faithful hounds.

FIG. 13. DIANA AND THE STAG. CAPITOL MUSEUM, ROME

STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS (1848–1907)

IF I should ask you, "Who is the great American?" your answer would ring out, "Abraham Lincoln!"

And then if I should ask, "What is there about this tall, gaunt, ungainly, sad-looking man that grips your heart and mine?" you would answer:

"He stood for 'right makes might!' "

When Lorado Taft, the sculptor, who was himself born in Chicago, gave the address at the unveiling of this "Statue of Abraham Lincoln," in Chicago, in 1887, he said, "It is ours!"

If you were standing by the statue you would see that the sculptor has shown Lincoln just risen from his chair and speaking to the vast crowd gathered to hear him. He stands, this master of men, with bowed head as though he had spoken the last word of that famous sentence in his speech at Cooper Union in 1860. Let us read that sentence as it is carved around the platform where he stands: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare do our duty as we understand it."

Augustus Saint-Gaudens came to America a little French-Irish boy from Dublin. A dear little love-story is told of his father and mother. His sturdy young father, a French shoemaker from St.-Gaudens, France, took ship for America, stopping on the way at Kingston, near Dublin, Ireland. Young Saint-Gaudens stood looking over the ship's rail. He caught the eye of a comely Irish lass. Love at first sight! He exclaimed, "That girl is to be my wife!" and off the ship he went. And to-day we say with Robert Louis Stevenson, of that little son born in Dublin, "My dear godlike sculptor."

From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Company

FIG. 14. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. SAINT-GAUDENS. LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

THE BRONZE HORSES

ONCE upon a time many, many years ago some one, we do not know who, made these beautiful "Bronze Horses." They have been such "globe-trotters" that to-day we call them "The Traveled Horses." Try to remember what I shall tell you about their travels—you may go to the same places some day.

"The Bronze Horses" are made of Corinthian brass and probably stood in front of a temple in Corinth, Greece, 300 B. C. They remained in that place until 146 B. C., when Mummius, the Roman general who conquered Corinth, carried them off to Rome and set them up in the senate square. They stood in the senate square for nearly two hundred years; then they were moved to the arch of Titus, and a little later to the arch of Trajan.

When Constantine, the Christian emperor, opened his whole empire to the worship of Jesus, the Christ, he rebuilt old Byzantium about A. D. 330 and named the city Constantinople after himself. "The Traveled Horses" had taken his fancy—they had rested in Rome for nearly five hundred years—and so he took them to his new Rome and set them up on the Hippodrome. There they stood on that famous circus for more than eight hundred years.

In 1204 Venice had become a great power. Doge Enrico Dandolo came from Venice and conquered Constantinople and carried "The Bronze Horses" home with him. They were set up over the portal of San Marco, to remain for nearly six hundred years. When Napoleon saw "The Traveled Horses" in Venice in 1797 he wanted them, and so carried them to Paris to adorn a triumphal arch in front of the Louvre. In less than twenty years (1815), however, they were sent back to Venice for another hundred years. When the World War came and the German bombs began to fall on Venice (1915), "The Bronze Horses" were removed to Rome again for safe-keeping. At last Armistice day came, November 11, 1918, and "The Bronze Horses" went again to Venice.

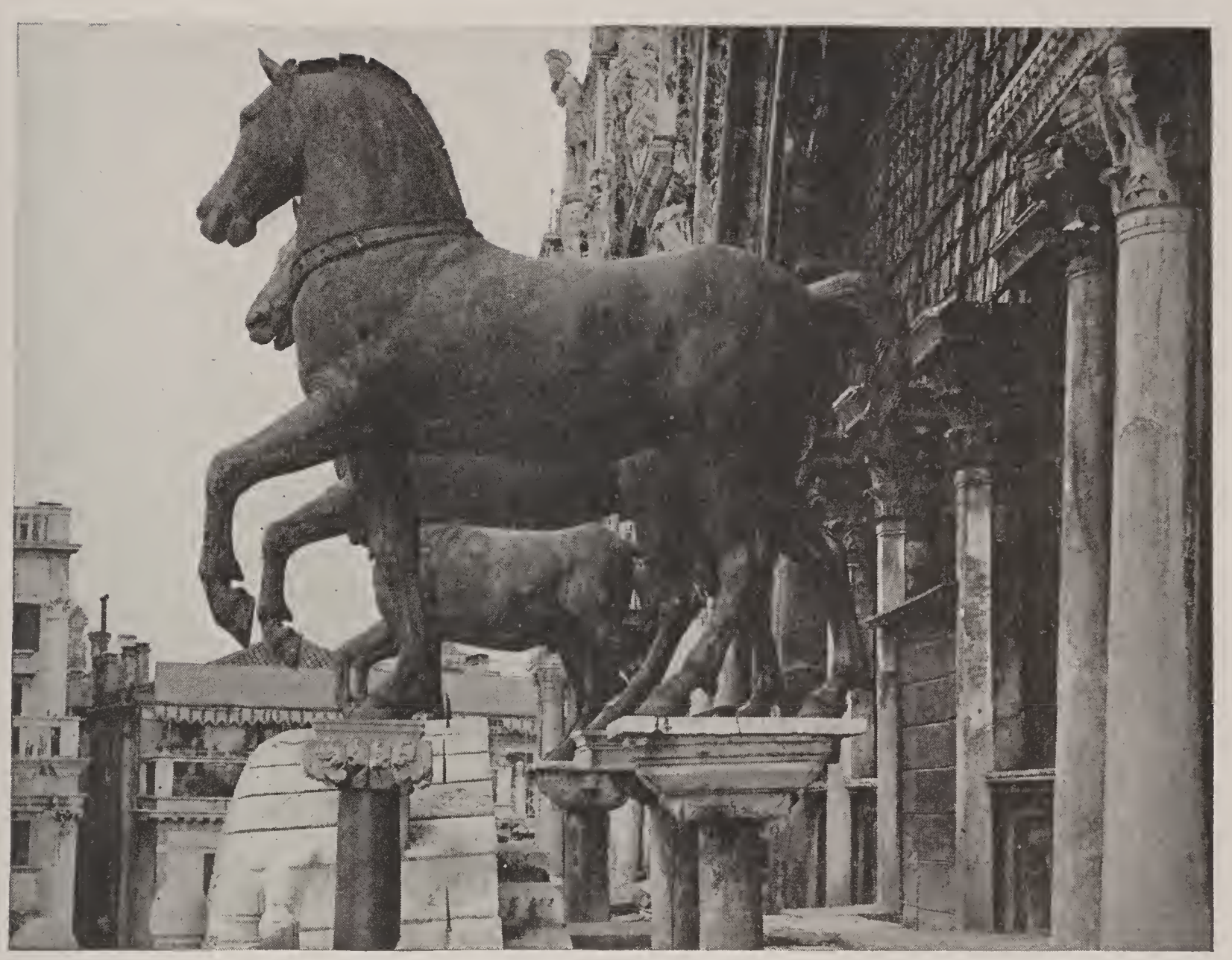

FIG. 15. THE BRONZE HORSES. SAN MARCO, VENICE

THE WRESTLERS

IF you could have been in Greece at the time "The Wrestlers" were made about the fourth century B. C. you would have seen young boys having wrestling-matches just as these youths are. The Greek men made much of training their bodies. Even Homer, who wrote about Troy (see page 6) between 900 and 800 B. C., mentions very early games. Some people believe the games began when Hercules (see page 78) was performing his twelve labors. I suspect boys have always had wrestling-matches; what do you think?

Tradition says that the Olympic games were renewed about 884 B. C., but no one knows who started the games or when they were started. Many cities claim the honor. Probably the most ancient stadium was at Olympia. Olympia was not a city or even a town. It was simply a wide plain surrounded by temples, gymnasiums, and halls for the games. At this center was the most magnificent collection of buildings ever brought together for worship and physical exercise. One of the wonders of the world, the temple of Olympian Zeus, stood as the crowning glory of the group. No youth was ever allowed to enter these games unless he was absolutely clean and pure in body and had never committed a crime. He could never have lied or stolen or murdered.

The group of "The Wrestlers" was found near the "Niobe Group" (see page 40) not far from the Lateran Church, Rome, and is now in the Uffizi Museum, Florence.

FIG. 16. THE WRESTLERS. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

THE WOUNDED ASSYRIAN LIONESS

I ONCE had a blind girl friend who saw everything with her finger-tips. We were together looking at a plaster relief of this "Wounded Assyrian Lioness." She ran her fingers lightly over the wounded lioness, and as she touched the lines around the snarling mouth she said,

"See, how angry she is because she is helpless!" She had seen with delicate finger-tips what I had scarcely noticed. Sure enough, the lioness is helpless. The arrows have entered her spine, and her back legs are paralyzed.

This splendid "Wounded Assyrian Lioness," now in the British Museum, London, was on the wall of King Asurbanipal (668-626 B. C.) in Nineveh, on the Euphrates River, Assyria. The story cut in stone, in low relief, on the wall of the palace, was of a battle scene where the lions were used to fight with. The soldiers shot at the enemy with bows and arrows from the walls surrounding the city of Nineveh.

Jonah was sent to Nineveh. "Now Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days' journey," (Jonah, III, 3). When you read in the story of Jonah, in the Bible, about his journey to that great city, remember it took the prophet three whole days to go from one end of the city to the other and that he must have passed the palace of the king where this lioness was carved on the wall. It is nearly three thousand years since Jonah was in Nineveh, and since the lioness was carved on the wall of the king's palace; but we know to-day just as much about Jonah's work and the sculptor's work of that time as the people did who lived then. You must keep close watch of what is going on in Assyria, Babylon, Palestine, and Egypt. The past is living to-day; and we need its life.

FIG. 17. THE WOUNDED ASSYRIAN LIONESS. BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

THE BOY WITH A GOOSE

Boëthus, (Second Century B. C.)

BOËTHUS is the name of the sculptor who made "The Boy with a Goose." He lived in the second century B. C. We know that Boëthus understood boys and girls and their playmates, for we have a number of copies of his bronze statues of children.

Now, look at this sturdy little fellow struggling with the goose. Did you ever see a more unequal fight! I believe the boy will win out, though the goose is full-grown and has strong wings to help him in the struggle for freedom. See, the goose is already gasping for breath because the chubby arms squeeze his neck so tightly.

A goose was a common plaything in the Greek home, and very likely Boëthus saw this very boy and his pet in the yard at play. He was probably watching this struggle and clapping his hands at the unequal contest. Pliny, who was killed in 79 A. D. when Pompeii was destroyed by the ashes from Vesuvius at Naples, Italy, wrote about the statues made by Boëthus. He speaks specially of a bronze group of "The Boy with a Goose."

The original bronze group of "The Boy with a Goose" is lost, but this marble copy in the Munich Museum, Germany, shows what wonderful insight Boëthus had into the playmates of Greek boys and girls two thousand years ago. The goose was to the Greek children then, and still is, what the cat is to American children, a plaything to pull around the house and yard.

Courtesy of Pratt Institute

FIG. 18. THE BOY WITH A GOOSE. BOËTHUS. MUNICH MUSEUM, GERMANY

ENDYMION ASLEEP

ENDYMION was a shepherd boy on Mount Latmos. He took care of the sheep as they fed on the mountain-side. One night the moon, whose name was Selene or Diana, saw the beautiful boy sleeping. He was so lovely that even the moon's cold heart was touched, and she loved him. She stole down noiselessly and kissed him and watched his sheep as he slept.

Legend says that Endymion asked the mighty Zeus to grant him three wishes: undying youth, immortality, and perpetual sleep. Zeus heard his request and allowed Selene to work her charms on him. Her gentle kisses and cool embrace so soothed him that he slept on and on. She truly loved him, for she tended his sheep and guarded his flock from harm. Many, many little lambs came and grew into fine sheep, and she kept watch that no wild beast should destroy them. Endymion slept on.

Now look at Endymion in this fine relief, in the Capitol Museum, Rome, and see how quietly he sleeps and dreams. His dreams are those of a poet who loves the still hours of the night in which to weave his fancies into poems of adventure and beautiful story. His faithful dog keeps watch by his side. See, he barks as though an enemy were near. Possibly he is jealous of Selene and is barking at her moon-face.

Courtesy of Pratt Institute

FIG. 19. ENDYMION ASLEEP. CAPITOL MUSEUM, ROME

NIOBE AND HER DAUGHTER

SCOPAS (FOURTH CENTURY B. C.)

NIOBE was a very proud woman. She was queen of Thebes and had seven sons and seven daughters. She ought to have been very happy but she was jealous.

You remember the goddess Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana or Selene (see pages 24 and 26). It was the custom in Thebes, Greece, in ancient times to have an annual festival in honor of Latona. Niobe was foolish enough to scold the people of Thebes for paying honor to Latona, who had two children when she, their queen, had fourteen. She stood proudly before the gathered multitude and continued to pour out her complaints until her final cry, "Away with you from these solemnities; put off the laurel from your brows; have done with the worship!" sent the people home. No human queen could insult a goddess without being punished. Latona called Apollo and Selene. They heard the matter and wanted revenge. A terrible scene followed.

Apollo took his quiverful of arrows. No pleading of Niobe could now save her children. One after the other fell pierced by Apollo's arrows until, as is shown in this marble group in the Uffizi Museum, Florence, the youngest alone remained alive. Niobe's cry of agony reached the ears of the mighty Zeus. He spoke, but, alas, too late! The arrow was already on its way, and she, too, died. Niobe's tears continued to flow until her grief turned her to stone. She was carried by a whirlwind to her native home in Phrygia, Asia Minor, where she still remains a mass of rock with her tears flowing like water over her stone-like body.

Most of the statues of the Niobe group in the Uffizi, were found just outside the San Giovanni gate, Rome, in 1583, and were bought by the Medici family and taken to Florence in 1794. The original statues probably made by Scopas, were lost.

FIG. 20. NIOBE AND HER DAUGHTER. UFFIZI MUSEUM, FLORENCE

THE DYING GAUL

FOR a long time this statue was called "The Dying Gladiator." A gladiator was a man who fought with a sword to amuse the people at a festival or holiday. At last some one asked, "How could he wound himself on the right side and pull the sword out?" Then critics knew that the short crisp hair and stiff mustache were more like a warrior than an athlete.

History says that the ring or torque you see around the Gaul's neck is a twisted wire ring worn in battle by the ancient Galatians. And the Galatian soldiers also went into battle nude except for the ring around the neck. All these known facts point to "The Dying Gaul" as the right name for the statue.

This marble copy was probably made direct from the original bronze "The Dying Gaul." It was one of many others which formed the Great Altar at Pergamus, Asia Minor, in the third century B. C. If St. John lived at Ephesus, a short distance from Pergamus he must have seen "The Dying Gaul" in place on the Great Altar. St. John doubtless refers to the Great Altar in Revelation, II, 13, when in his vision he writes to the church in Pergamus, "I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith. . . ."

The statue of "The Dying Gaul" in the Capitol Museum, Rome, stands close to the statue of "The Marble Faun" (see page 88). It was found in Rome in the sixteenth century.

FIG. 21. THE DYING GAUL. VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME

SEVEN-BRANCHED CANDLESTICKS

I WANT you to look very carefully at this picture of the "Seven-Branched Candlesticks" carved in stone. If the Roman Emperor Titus had not had this picture made about fifty years after Jesus, the Christ, was crucified we probably would not have known what the seven-branched candlestick spoken of in the Bible was like.

When Emperor Titus destroyed Jerusalem, A. D. 70, he not only brought back to Rome with him many captive Jews but also the furnishings of Solomon's Temple, and among these furnishings were the "Golden Seven-Branched Candlesticks" of the Temple. To celebrate his victory he had an arch built at the foot of the Palatine Hill, called the Arch of Titus, and on one of the inside panels was carved this picture in relief.

The candlesticks and other Temple furnishings were put in the Temple of Peace, Rome. They stayed in the temple for nearly four hundred years. Then they were carried to Carthage by the vandal King Genseric. Less than a hundred years later Belissarius (505–565), a Byzanium general, took them to Constantinople and later back to Jerusalem. They were put in a Christian church in the Holy City. In 614 Chosroes, King of Persia, conquered Jerusalem and claimed the "Golden Seven-Branched Candlesticks" and other Temple furnishings and carried them away. Nothing has ever been heard of them since. It is just possible that under England's rule the precious "Golden Branched Candlesticks" may be brought to light again. Who knows but you may be the one to help find them?

FIG. 22. THE SEVEN-BRANCHED CANDLESTICK. ARCH OF TITUS, ROME

THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

WHAT a pity that this beautiful "Victory" lost her head! She used to stand on the beach overlooking the Ægean Sea on the island of Samothrace. This lies between Greece and Thrace on the north. That was more than two thousand years ago. Probably an earthquake knocked "Victory" over, and her head rolled into the sea. Her body, buried deep in the earth, was lost until 1857, when some workmen, digging, turned up fragments of marble. Fitting these pieces together, behold! they had found the lost "Victory" or "Nike," the Greek word meaning victory. But alas, the head was gone.

We do not know the name of the sculptor who made our marvelous "Victory," but we do know that when Demetrius Poliorcetes of Macedon was successful against the Egyptians in 306 B. C. he celebrated his victory by setting up "Nike of Samothrace."

Looking at the statue carefully we find one side and the back unfinished. It probably stood in front of the high wall that crossed the end of the valley. It was the finished "Victory" towering above valley, buildings, and sea that the people gloried in as they promenaded under the pillared portico of their temple.

There is a beautiful old story that when the Greeks won a battle at sea, Nike, the goddess of victory, came down and lighted on the prow of the ship and guided it to the home-land. Now when you go to the great gallery of the Louvre, Paris, and see the "Victory of Samothrace" at the top of the main staircase you will feel that her welcome makes you stand the straighter and hold your head a bit higher, for she is beckoning you to victory in life.

FIG. 23. THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE. LOUVRE, PARIS

BISCORNETTE OVERLOOKING PARIS

THE roof of Notre Dame of Paris is simply swarming with all sorts of animals and monsters. Among these strange creatures is Biscornette leaning on the corner of the stone parapet. No one knows who this mysterious being was, but the people thought him the master worker who made the marvelously beautiful hinges, as delicate as lacework, for the doors. No one ever saw him at work, but other workmen said that he had sold his soul to the King of Darkness to obtain special skill in making hinges. Of course the other workmen were jealous of Biscornette.

It was nearly a thousand years ago, in 1163, that Notre Dame had such a mysterious workman. To-day we can stand by Biscornette on the roof and look around at his strange mates—the gargoyles and other monsters. Gargoyles are also strange beings. Legend says that one time in France Gargouille, a dragon, lived in a stream near Rouen. He spoiled the water so that the people could not use it. At last he was killed by St. Romanus. After this, spouts for carrying water off the roofs were called *gargouilles* or gargoyles meaning running water. These spouts are made in all sorts of shapes and strange beings on Notre Dame, such as, an eagle and grapes, an owl and one-horned goat, an elephant and tiger; and, back of Biscornette, is a vulture. There are hundreds of these creatures. We can almost hear them snarl and growl, bark and cry and even laugh, if we come too near them.

Do not fail to see this wonderful menagerie of strange animals on the roof of Notre Dame, ancient queen of cathedrals, when you go to Paris.

FIG. 24. BISCORNETTE OVERLOOKING PARIS. NOTRE DAME, PARIS

PALLAS ATHENE

ATHENE has a strange history; she came from the head of the great Zeus fully armed. It was like this: Vulcan, the son of Zeus and Juno, was born lame. His mother in anger threw him out of heaven. He fell a whole day before he landed on Mount Lemnos. He was an artist and soon became known for his wonderful ironwork. Once, we do not know why, he struck the head of his father, Zeus; and out sprang Pallas Athene before his astonished eyes.

Athene was so wonderful a goddess that she was called the goddess of wisdom. She came to Greece, and when the contest was held as to who should rule Athens, Athene and Neptune, the god of the sea, contended for the honor. Neptune came with his trident, a three-tined fork. He struck the ground before him, and out gushed a stream of salt water. Athene stood up tall and straight. She spoke, and an olive-tree came forth. The people of Attica accepted Athene's gift rather than Neptune's. They named their principal city Athens in honor of Athene.

After Athens was destroyed by Xerxes in the fifth century B. C. Pericles, the ruler, decided to rebuild Athens. He appointed Phidias, the sculptor, to oversee the work. Naturally the first thought was to honor their goddess, Pallas Athene; and the Parthenon was built. Around the building under the portico ran a border or frieze on which was carved the scene of the annual procession to Athene. A marvelous statue of the goddess herself was made by Phidias (see page 92) and set up in the temple. This statue was lost, and only figures on coins show how she must have looked in her royal robes of wisdom. The owl was her favorite bird. Minerva was Pallas Athene's Latin name.

FIG. 25. PALLAS ATHENE. VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME

LION CRUSHING A SERPENT

Antoine Louis Barye (1795–1875)

WHEN this splendid "Lion" was first set up in Paris, an angry Frenchman, jealous that a poor sculptor should be honored, asked angrily:

"Since when were the Tuileries [public gardens] a menagerie?"

Sixty years ago Mr. Henry Walters, founder of the Walters Gallery, Baltimore, went to see Monsieur Barye in Paris; but the sculptor was not at home. He called again several times, until finally Madame Barye said,

"Ah, sir, there is no use in coming here for three weeks. A new tiger has just arrived from Bengal, and until its wildness is gone—no Monsieur Barye!" Mr. Walters could not wait the three weeks. Ten years later, in 1873, he was again in Paris. This time he found Monsieur Barye at home. After greeting the sculptor, he said: "Monsieur Barye, I come to make you a proposition. I come to commission you to supply the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, with one specimen of every bronze you have ever designed." "This speech," said Mr. Walters, "produced the liveliest effect on the old sculptor's stolid calmness; his eyes filled, and he spoke with difficulty. 'Mr. Walters,' he said, 'my own country has never done anything like that for me.' " Monsieur Barye duplicated about one hundred and twenty pieces of his bronzes for Mr. Walters before he died.

One day shortly before his death Madame Barye said, as she was dusting the small bronzes standing near his bed: "My dear, when you are better, see that the signatures are more legible." "Never fear," replied Barye; "before twenty years have passed people will be using a magnifying-glass to my signatures."

And he was right. To-day his small bronzes are sold for more than their weight in gold. This group of "The Lion Crushing a Serpent" is one of the treasures of Paris to-day.

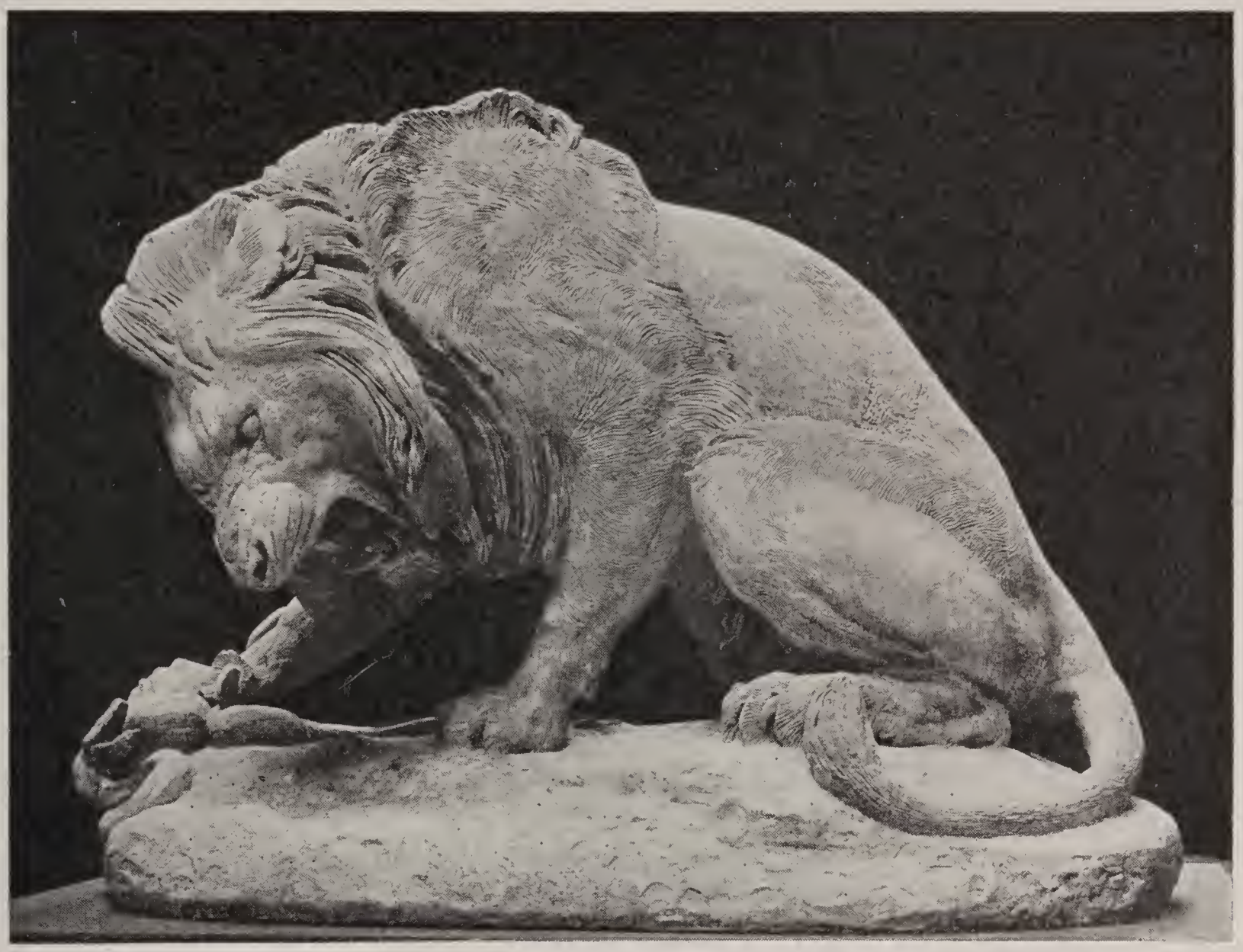

FIG. 26. LION CRUSHING A SERPENT. BARYE. JARDIN DES TUILERIES, PARIS

PERSEUS AND THE MEDUSA HEAD

PERSEUS was the son of the mighty Zeus and Danaë, the daughter of King Acrisius of Argos. Poor Danaë had a rather unhappy girlhood. Her father kept her in a brass tower. When Zeus found where she was hidden he changed himself into a shower of gold and shone into her room. Danaë's father was so angry that Zeus had found his daughter that he put Danaë and the baby Perseus in a chest and floated it off on the sea. A fisherman found them.

When Perseus was grown to manhood under the fisherman's care, King Polydectes of the country, greatly fearing this son of Zeus, decided to send him off on dangerous expeditions.

A few years before Perseus was grown, a beautiful maiden, Medusa, dared to contend with the goddess Athene in loveliness. To punish Medusa for such audacity—the very idea of thinking that she, a human maiden, could be as beautiful as a goddess—Athene turned Medusa's beautiful hair into snakes. Then she willed that whoever looked upon Medusa's face should become stone. Cruel Polydectes commanded Perseus to bring him Medusa's head. Of course he expected that Perseus would be turned to stone.

Perseus, however, had two friends among the gods and goddesses: Mercury and Athene. Mercury lent Perseus his own winged shoes and crooked sword, and Athene lent him her beautiful polished shield. Perseus flew away to Medusa's cavern, and as he came near he saw reflected in Athene's shield Medusa and her two sisters asleep. He flew close to them and cut off Medusa's head, and flew away with it before the sisters awakened.

In this statue Perseus with the head of Medusa is flying over the earth to help those in distress. Monsters of wickedness are turned into stone when they look at Medusa's head.

FIG. 27. PERSEUS AND THE MEDUSA HEAD. ANTONIO CANOVA (1757–1822.) VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME

THE WILD BOAR

THIS bronze "Wild Boar," in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, is one of our finest antique bronze animal statues. We do not know who made it. The sculptor may have known the story of the Calydonian Hunt (see page 58) and modeled his wild boar after the one in the story. What do you think? Look at the fierce attitude of this fellow. The stiff bristles standing almost at right angles show how angry he is. His sharp teeth snapping together sound like a pistol-shot. His open mouth and snarling lips almost make us shudder, even if he is made of bronze. What a fine specimen he is of the natural growth of the ancestors of our domestic animals when in their wild state!

This "Wild Boar" makes me think of the animals on the walls of the tomb of Mereruka, of the sixth dynasty, at Sakkara, Egypt. Mereruka lived nearly five thousand years ago. He was said to be the first person to believe in training wild animals for home use. Tradition says that he had such power over animals that he went himself into the forest. The pictures on the walls of his tomb show various animals, like the wild horse, the wild dog, and the wild hog, all seeming to come at his call. You know some people do seem to have great power in quieting animals.

The animals carved by ancient sculptors are excellent in their likeness to real animals. Even to-day we find these masterpieces have never been surpassed as great works of art.

FIG. 28. THE WILD BOAR. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

MELEAGER

WHEN Meleager was born, the Fates (see "Children's Book of Celebrated Pictures," page 24), who were spinning his life thread, told his mother, Queen Althea of Calydon, that the boy could live only so long as a stick then burning on the hearth should last. Althea snatched up the stick, put out the fire, and hid it away.

About the time Meleager grew to manhood Diana, or Selene, the moon, was jealous because she was forgotten in a sacrifice. She sent a wild boar into Calydon. It went tearing through the land, tramping down the crops, tearing up the olive-trees and grape-vines. No one was able to catch it. At last Meleager called the heroes of Greece to come and help destroy the monster. They came: Trojan War heroes and Theseus, who killed the Minotaur monster, and the beautiful Atalanta, the daughter of the king of Arcadia. When Meleager saw Atalanta he loved her. The great Calydonian Hunt began. The wild boar had made his nest among the reeds of a dense marsh, and when he heard the hunters he rushed out and killed one hero after the other. Atalanta was the first one to wound the furious beast with her arrow, and Meleager's arrow ended its life. Naturally Meleager gave the head and rough skin to Atalanta. This roused the hate of the hunters, Meleager's uncles. In their anger they snatched the trophies from Atalanta, and Meleager in his rage ran his sword through them both.

Now, Meleager's uncles were his mother's brothers. Strange, but her sister-love was stronger than her mother-love. She decided her son must die and brought forth the stick, hidden all these years, and thrust it into the fire. Poor Meleager felt a sudden pain, and then he felt himself on fire. He knew not that it was his mother who was killing him. His called his loved ones and gave them all his love just as he died. His mother, wild with grief, killed herself. The statue of "Meleager and His Boar's Head" is in the Vatican Gallery, Rome.

FIG. 29. MELEAGER. VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME

SILENUS AND DIONYSUS

WHAT a darling baby boy is our little Bacchus, or Dionysus, to use his Greek name. And how tenderly Silenus holds him! Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus, had one very, very bad fault: he would get drunk! One day in a drunken spree he wandered from home and came to Midas, the king of Phrygia in Asia Minor. Midas, knowing who the old man was, took him in and cared for him many days; then he sent word to Bacchus to come for his foster-father. Bacchus, glad to find his foster-father, forgave him, as he had many times in the past. Bacchus offered Midas any reward he might ask. Midas wished that everything he touched might turn to gold.

Bacchus was sorry for this foolish request, but he granted it. Midas was delighted. He began at once to test his new power. Yes, everything he took hold of was gold in his hands: stone, tree, vegetable and lucious apples were all glittering gold. His delight knew no bounds. He ordered a great banquet to be served, but to his dismay every mouthful he raised to his lips was gold. Starvation was before him! In agony he cried to Bacchus to be a merciful god. Bacchus answered:

"Go to the river Pactolus, follow it to its source, and dip your whole body in the water and wash away your sin." Midas obeyed and the stream became a gold-mine, which it is to-day.

King Midas had one fearful fault: he was curious. Apollo, to punish him, changed his ears to those of an ass. Midas was terribly mortified, but his curly hair covered them. Only his hairdresser knew that his master had ass's ears. But he was sworn to secrecy on pain of death. The secret grew so big, however, that he could not keep it, and then he went to a meadow, dug a hole, whispered in it, "Midas has ass's ears!" and buried it. In a short time a bed of reeds sprang up. Now they whisper, "Ass's ears, ass's ears!"

FIG. 30. SILENUS AND DIONYSUS. LOUVRE MUSEUM, PARIS

APOLLO AND THE LIZARD

THIS statue of "Apollo and the Lizard," in the Vatican Gallery, Rome, is the best of the marble copies of Praxiteles's original bronze one, which is lost. The god, leaning lightly on the tree-trunk, bears most of his weight on his right leg, with the left raised ready to swing easily toward the lizard. But is Apollo waiting to kill the lizard? Old authorities thought he was and gave the name "Sauroktonos," meaning lizard-killer, to the statue. Now look carefully at Apollo. Do you think he sees the lizard? It seems to me that Apollo is day-dreaming and not thinking of the lizard at all. He is so still that the lizard has decided that boy and tree-trunk are both immovable.

Lizards are common little animals in warm countries like Greece. Praxiteles saw them every day, scurrying hither and thither on every stone wall of house or fence, up every tree and along dusty roadsides and over ruins and in stone-piles. He could scarcely take a step without disturbing some shy little wanderer and scaring him from under a dry leaf or by a stone where he was hiding. No wonder we can almost see the graceful little fellow move as he glides up this tree-trunk, for Praxiteles has caught him in the very act. And Apollo, too. Was any boy ever more graceful or full of animal spirits? He is dreaming for a moment only; then he will dart away as agile as his shy companion.

We know so very little about the life of Praxiteles that we cherish every word, however uncertain, said to have been spoken by him. One anecdote, possibly true, says that once Praxiteles was asked what statue he liked best. The sculptor answered, "Those on which Nicias [the painter] has set his mark." Pliny explained by saying that "So much importance did Praxiteles attach to the covering of color applied by Nicias." We know for certain now that marble statues made by the old Greek sculptors were colored.

FIG. 31. APOLLO AND THE LIZARD. VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME

SINGING AND DANCING BOYS

Luca della Robbia (1399–1482)

NO marble children in relief are better known the world over than the rolicksome dancers and songsters of Luca della Robbia and Donatello (see title-page) hanging side by side in the Cathedral Museum, Florence.

Luca della Robbia is specially noted for his glazed bas-reliefs —"bas" means low, and "relief" means raised work. At first all his figures were white and the background blue and green, but later he colored his figures, too. His first work, pure white on the colored background, is really his best work.

One time when in Florence I spent a half-day in a carriage with an intelligent driver going to out-of-the-way places hunting della Robbia works. We found glorious altarpieces in filthy alleyways, exquisite Madonnas smiling at us from over dark doorways, darling babies on round medallions set in crumbling walls, all clean and pure under the dust-coverings of ages.

The della Robbia enamelwork has never been equaled. No one has been able to discover the glaze that he used. We buy della Robbia ware of to-day, very beautiful in texture and color, but when it is put by the side of an original our treasure looks commonplace. Luca della Robbia's angels and babies and Madonnas are beings of heaven brought close to the heart of humanity. That is why my Florentine guide knew he would find the loveliest pictures where the people live in poverty, darkness, and dirt. Now look again at these wholesome, joyous singers and dancers. Ask mother for a picture of them to hang on the wall where you may see these bright children every day.

FIG. 32. SINGING AND DANCING BOYS. LUCA DELLA ROBBIA. CATHEDRAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE

THE RAM

THIS "Ram" is so splendid as a bronze picture of the leader of a flock of sheep that we want him hung in our homes to remind us of broad fields, grassy hillsides, and grazing flocks. To-day, in Sicily, we can see just such fine rams with their flocks of sheep winding down the mountain-sides and along the dusty roads following the shepherd.

Could anything be more lifelike than this ram? See the raised head and open lips. We can almost hear the anxious bleat of this watchful guardian ringing in our ears; a lurking danger is sensed by him. See how the leg is thrown out ready to spring into action. I am sure that the sculptor knew this particular ram, for his understanding of ram nature is sympathetic.

It is strange that no record was kept of the artist who gave this "Ram" to the ages. The only fact we have of its origin is that it was in Syracuse, Sicily, as early as the eleventh century of our era. To-day it is one of the treasures in the museums at Palermo, Sicily. Whoever you were, my dear sculptor friend, we love you because you are teaching us to love

All things both great and small.

FIG. 33. THE RAM. PALERMO MUSEUM, SICILY

DAVID

Michael Angelo (1474–1544)

THERE had lain in the churchyard of Maria del Fiore, Florence, for a hundred years and more, a huge block of Carrara marble, eighteen feet long, spoiled by some clumsy workman. Many sculptors came to look at the monster and shook their heads and went away. But when Michael Angelo, in 1500, saw it, the vision of "David" stepped out from the huge block, and the great sculptor seemed to hear the young shepherd boy saying to Goliath, the Philistine, "But I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied" (I Samuel, xvii, 45).

A "David" was just what the authorities of Florence wanted, and Michael Angelo went to work to finish the statue of the young shepherd boy in two years. He had no model, except a very small wax one now in the Uffizi Gallery, but with chisel and mallet he brought his "David" out of its close-fitting cover to stand before us a simple shepherd lad. The marble cover was so tight that some of the rough surface still shows on David's head and the elbows but just escape the narrow cover.

Michael Angelo chose the public square, to the left of the Palazzo Vecchio, for his finished "David." The colossal statue, three times the height of a man and weighing nine tons, was drawn by forty men along oiled beams from the sculptor's studio to the square. It had to be done at night, for many people were jealous of the young sculptor; and even then stones were thrown, but the darkness itself was a protection.

For four hundred years "David" stood in the public square under the blue sky of Italy, an honor to Michael Angelo and the pride and joy of his beloved Florence. Time and weather compelled the authorities to place "David" in the Academy.

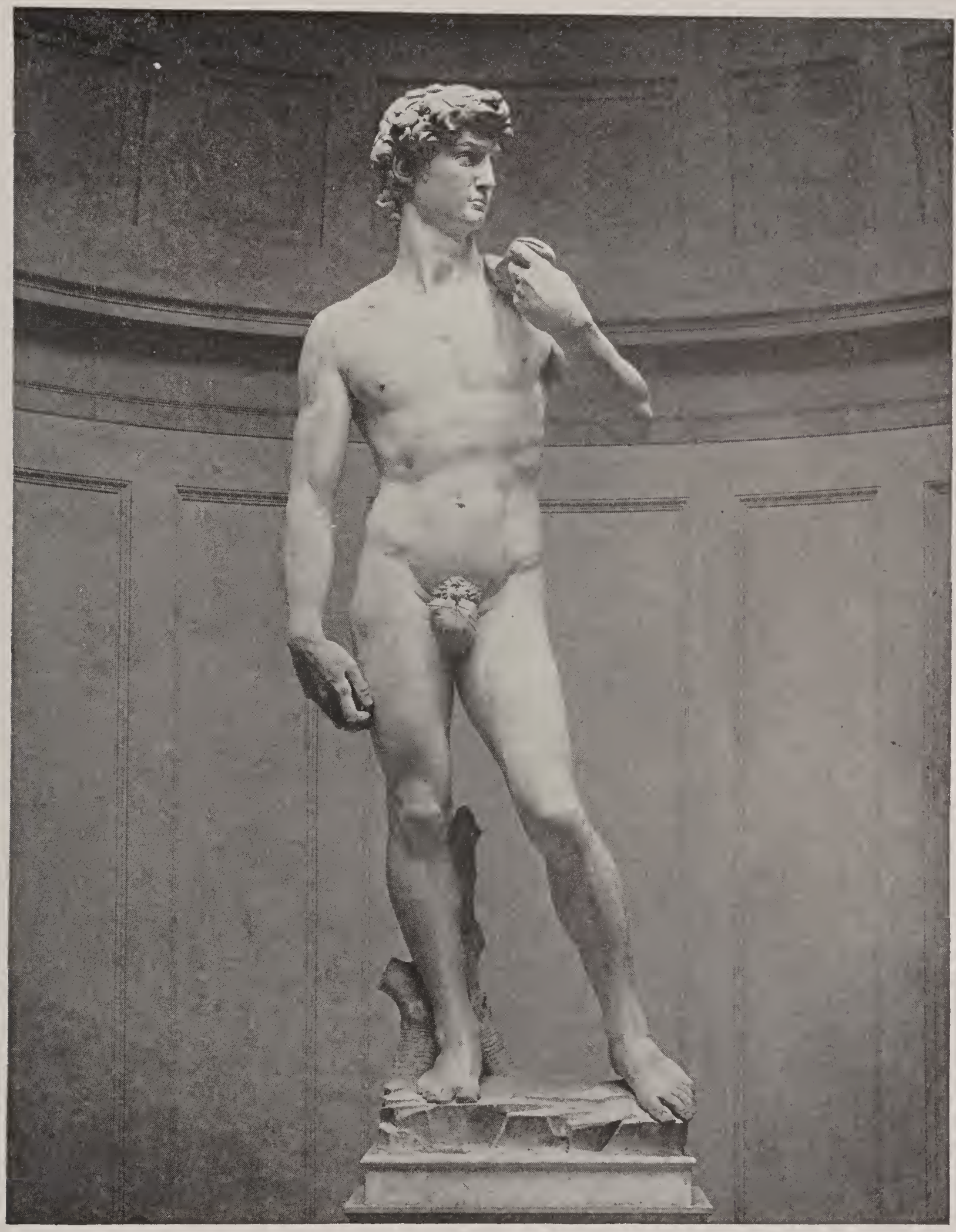

Fig. 34. David. Michael Angelo. Academy, Florence

SHEIKH EL BELED!

I WISH that we had been in Egypt near old Memphis a few years ago when those workmen, digging for treasures, came on the Wooden Man. No wonder they threw down their picks and shovels, exclaiming, "Sheikh el Beled!" "He is the mayor of our village!" for he looked just like their own mayor. What a splendid man he is, this "Sheikh el Beled!" When I first saw him in the Cairo Museum, Egypt, I felt like exclaiming myself, "He lives; I am sure he is looking at me!"

Is it possible that that wooden statue was made nearly six thousand years ago? Mr. Maspero, the great Egyptologist, says, in his art book on Egypt, "If some exhibition of the world's masterpieces were to be inaugurated, I should choose this work to uphold the honor of Egyptian art."

Now look at him closely. See how the sculptor has given his age in the fat around his waist and has made us understand in his spread legs that he belonged to the people. Yes, he was of the people, but he did not allow any foolishness in manner or speech. The word of such an officer was law in the village. Every boy and girl spoke to that mayor with respect.

The statue is carved from wood, possibly sycamore. The eyes of onyx stone, with crystal pupils and bronze lids, are so life-like that we feel a little creepy as he looks at us. At least we are on our good behavior when in the museum where he stands in his glass case.

FIG. 35. SHEIKH EL BELED. CAIRO MUSEUM

MERCURY

MERCURY is a god I want you to know and love. His father, the mighty Zeus, felt that this boy baby of his was unusually bright. When he was four hours old, the story says, he took a tortoise-shell, made holes in the opposite sides, and stretched nine linen strings across it in honor of the nine Muses. This was the first lyre ever made. Even to-day the lyre is often called a shell.

When Mercury was grown he gave his lyre to Apollo; and Apollo, in return, gave Mercury his wand. This wand, called a caduceus, had two serpents wound around it. Zeus made Mercury his messenger and gave him a pair of winged shoes and a winged cap. If you look carefully at this bronze statue of "Mercury," in the Naples Museum, you will see that his winged shoes are fastened on the bottom of his feet. That is to show that Mercury never walks but that he runs on his toes when he is not flying through the air.

One interesting task Zeus gave Mercury was to hunt up poor Pegasus, the winged horse. A poet had owned Pegasus but was compelled to sell him to a farmer to pay for food to keep himself alive. Mercury, you will remember, found Pegasus hitched to a plow and being beaten by the farmer because he could not draw it. Mercury said to the farmer:

"Let me try your horse. I think he will work for me."

Mercury patted Pegasus while slyly unbuckling the harness, then mounting on his back, shook his hand at the farmer as they both flew away. The farmer, to his astonishment, found that Pegasus could fly even if he could not plow.

Mercury's Greek name was Hermes.

Courtesy of Pratt Institute

FIG. 36. MERCURY. NAPLES MUSEUM

THE BRONZE WOLF

THE two little children taking their dinner from "The Bronze Wolf" are Romulus and Remus. Legend says these boys were the sons of Mars, the great god of war. Their mother, Rhea Silvia, was not a goddess. "She must die!" said the gods. Her twin sons were thrown into the Tiber River at Rome. Of course the gods thought the boys would drown. But they did not, for the cradle floated and very soon stranded on an island. This kind wolf found them and took care of them as though they had been her own little babies.

At last the shepherd of a king found the boys and took them home to his wife. They lived with these kind people until they were grown men. When they became men Romulus and Remus decided to build a city on the river Tiber. Romulus called the city Rome, possibly naming it for himself. Or it may be from *roma,* meaning a dug or teat, because he remembered how a wolf nursed him and Remus when they were babies.

"The Bronze Wolf" was made about 300 B. C. Even Virgil, who was seventy years older than Jesus, the Christ, wrote about this statue. He said:

> There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins,
> Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung;
> The foster-dam lolled out her fawning tongue:
> They sucked secure, while bending back her head,
> She licked their tender limbs, and formed them as they fed.

The Roman coins of Virgil's time had a picture of a wolf and twin boys on them, and the wolf's head is bent back as she looks at her foster-children. Virgil may have had in mind this picture on the coin when he wrote his verses.

Courtesy of Pratt Institute

FIG. 37. THE BRONZE WOLF. CAPITOL MUSEUM, ROME

NARCISSUS

NARCISSUS was very beautiful and very cruel. And poor Echo, whom no one has ever seen, suffered from his cruelty. It is true that Echo had a very bad habit: she would insist on having the last word. Juno punished Echo by letting her have the last word, but she could never speak the first one.

When Echo saw Narcissus she fell in love with him and longed to speak to him. She must wait, though, until he first spoke to her. One day Narcissus was separated from his companions. He tried to find them and then called, "Who 's here?"

Echo, hearing him, gladly answered him, "Here!"

Narcissus looked all around but, seeing no one, he called, "Come!"

Echo answered, "Come!" Still Narcissus saw no one.

At last, thinking his friends were near, he called, "Let us join one another." Echo came rushing to him. When Narcissus saw her he spurned her advances. She tried to throw her arms around him, but he said he would not have her!

"Have her!" came her echo in despair. Echo retired into the rocks and hills and faded away until only her faint voice answers to-day.

But Narcissus was punished for his cruel treatment of the lovely nymph. He fell in love with his own reflection in a clear mountain pool. Day after day he looked at himself, longing for an answer to his pleadings. At last he faded away and died because the reflection of his beautiful self did not return his love. To-day the narcissus flower with its purple center and white circle of leaves grows by the brink of the limpid pools of water to warn us against loving ourselves.

Courtesy of Pratt Institute

FIG. 38. NARCISSUS. NAPLES MUSEUM

HERCULES

HERCULES fought for his life from the time he lay in his cradle until he was a grown man. He was the son of Zeus and Alcmene; as usual, jealous Juno determined to destroy her husband's baby, and so she sent two serpents to kill him. The little fellow, with his tiny baby hand, grasped the serpents and strangled them. This was the beginning of his marvelous deeds.

As Juno had failed to kill the baby Hercules, she determined to kill the man Hercules. She used her powers as a fortune-teller and sent word to Hercules that he could, by serving Eurystheus, King of Mycenæ, Greece, twelve years, become immortal. It was under this king that Hercules performed his twelve labors. You might learn the names of the "twelve labors of Hercules" and surprise your father and mother by telling them the names of the labors. Here is a little poem which gives the names:

The Nemean *lion* first he killed, then Lerne's *hydra* slew;
The Arcadian *stag* and monster *bear* before Eurystheus drew;
Cleansed Augeas' *stalls,* and made the *birds* from Lake Stymphalis flee;
The Cretan *bull,* and Thracian *mares,* first seized and then set free;
Took prize the Amazonian *belt,* brought Geryon's *kine* from Gades;
Fetched *apples* from the Hesperides and *dog* Cerberus from Hades.

This statue of "Hercules and the Lion" is in the Fogg Museum, Boston. It represents Hercules performing his first labor, the slaying of the Nemean lion. He first tried to destroy it with his famous club but finally took his own hands and broke its jaw. Now look again at the group of "Hercules and the Lion."

Courtesy of Fogg Museum, Boston

FIG. 39. HERCULES

THE SPHINX

THE Sphinx is a strange monster. Many strange stories are told about it. Sometimes the Sphinx is man-headed, sometimes it is sheep-headed, and sometimes it is woman-headed; and it is always lion-bodied.

The woman-headed Sphinx seems to come from old Greece. Story says that once upon a time she sat on a rock by the roadside, giving each one who passed the following riddle: "What is it which in the morning walks on four feet, at noon on two feet, and in the evening on three feet?" As no one could answer her riddle, she tumbled them all down the rock. At last Œdipus, a wonderful youth, came and said: "Man! He crawls as a baby, walks as a man, and uses a cane in old age!" She was so angry that her riddle was solved that she fell over and was killed.

The great Sphinx of Egypt is man-headed and lion-bodied. It is near the Great Pyramid, a few miles from Cairo, Egypt. Many believe it to be the portrait of King Chephren, the builder of the second pyramid, about 3700 B. C. The whole figure is cut out of the solid rock that comes to the surface below the Great Pyramid. This ledge or "skirt" of the desert gave the name "Gizeh" (meaning skirt) to the desert west of the Nile River.

The body of the Sphinx is of rock, but the fore paws are made of brick. The paws are nearly always covered by the shifting sand blowing in from the desert. During the Middle Ages the natives of Egypt believed that the Sphinx kept the sands from destroying the village of Gizeh. We know that Thothmes IV cleaned the sand away from the paws of the Sphinx in 1450 B. C., for he set up a tablet on which he stated that the "God of the Sphinx, Herukhuti-Khepera-Ra-Temu" (my, what a name!), appeared to him one day before he was king, and bade him remove the sand that had closed him in on all sides, and promised him that he should be king if he obeyed. The picture shows the tablet set up by Thothmes IV nearly four thousand years ago.

Courtesy of Pratt Institute

FIG. 40. THE SPHINX. NEAR CAIRO, EGYPT

HERMES AND THE INFANT DIONYSUS

PRAXITELES (350 B. C.)

THE group of "Hermes and the Infant Dionysus" is the only original work by Praxiteles left to us. Every one except this one of the long list of statues that writers say he made is lost or destroyed so far as we know to-day. Pausanias, who lived in the second century of the Christian era, in writing about his visit to Olympia, Greece, speaks of "a Hermes of marble; he carries the babe Dionysus, and is the work of Praxiteles."

In 1877, nearly two thousand years later than Praxiteles, some excavators, digging in Olympia, came upon this statue. They were delighted when they found the face of Hermes perfect. The statue had been built into a brick wall in front of a wine-press on the spot where stood the ancient temple of Hera or Juno. The statue now stands on nearly its original site in Olympia.

Hermes, or Mercury, as the Romans called him, was the errand-boy of Zeus. He was sent on many important missions. Some of these were very dangerous ones. One day his father, Zeus, being in love with beautiful Io, was discovered by Juno, his wife. To save himself Zeus turned Io into a heifer. But Juno was too wise to be deceived. She insisted that the heifer be given to her; then she set the hundred-eyed Argus on watch. Of course Zeus was heartbroken. He sent for Mercury and told him he must kill Argus. But Argus had a hundred eyes, and slept with at least one eye open. Mercury told Argus stories and played on his pipes to sooth him until at last Argus went to sleep with all his eyes closed, and Mercury cut his head off with one stroke of his sword and sent it rolling down the rocks. When Juno found that Argus was dead she took the hundred eyes and put them on the peacock's tail, and there they are to-day.

Courtesy of Pratt Institute

FIG. 41. HERMES AND THE INFANT DIONYSUS. PRAXITELES. OLYMPIA, GREECE

MOSES

Michael Angelo (1474–1564)

MICHAEL ANGELO had to fight his way to make people believe in his art. Pope Julius II sent to Florence in 1505 for the young sculptor to come to Rome. Michael Anglo went at the pope's command. Now for ten years he was at the beck and call of the touchy, irritable pontiff. Julius II wanted a colossal mausoleum built for himself, to be placed in St. Peter's, Rome. He gave the order to Michael Angelo.

Then began the struggle between these two men, one the ruler of Italy, the other only an artist. The sculptor would not be dictated to, and the pope knew that he held the power in his own hands. But fortunately for us the sculptor, Michael Angelo, won. He made the kind of statues he knew were fit for a pope; "Moses" was one of them. Julius II cut down the number of statues until only four were made, and the mauseleum was never built.

This statue of Moses was to have been placed fifteen feet above the floor; then we would have a just idea of its majesty. Michael Angelo had no model but just the barest outlines in charcoal traced on the rough block of marble. We feel that this "Moses" could have talked face to face with God. He is the mighty leader ready to spring from his seat in indignation against the children of Israel when they were untrue to God and made the golden calf.

The horns on the head of the statue of Moses came from a wrong translation of the Hebrew word *koran,* which means "to shoot out beams of light." Some one read it "to wear horns" (see Exodus, xxxiv, 35).

"Moses" is in the church of St. Peter in Chains, Rome.

FIG. 42. MOSES. MICHAEL ANGELO. S. PIETRO IN VINCOLI, ROME

EROS

THE people of Italy called Eros "Cupid." Cupid was the son of Venus, the goddess of love. A queer legend is told of Venus. It is said that she complained to the goddess of law, Themis, that her little son Cupid was always a child. Themis answered that Cupid was lonesome and needed a brother to play with. When his brother Anteros came, Cupid began to grow like other children.

This beautiful statue of Cupid, or Eros, in the Vatican, Rome, is probably one of many copies of a statue made by the master Praxiteles. Old writers say that Praxiteles made a statue of Eros that he prized very much. A beautiful young Greek woman called Phryne said that Praxiteles had promised to give her his most beautiful statue but that he did not fulfil his promise. Phryne grew impatient and one day sent her slave to tell Praxiteles that his studio was on fire. Praxiteles was wild when he heard this false alarm. He rushed out exclaiming that all his labor was lost if his "Satyr" and "Eros" were lost. The sculptor must have given Phryne the "Eros" often called "The Genius of the Vatican," for Pausanias wrote, nearly two thousand years ago, that Phryne claimed the original of "Eros." She took it to her native home, Thespiæ, where it was placed between statues of Phryne and Aphrodite, both by Praxiteles.

In Cicero's time (106-43 B. C.) the "Eros" was still in the temple in Thespiæ. Nero took it to Rome during the century in which Jesus, the Christ, was born. The "Eros" was placed in the portico of Octavia, Octavia was the sister of Augustus Cæsar. While Titus (see page 44) was emperor of Rome this portico and everything in it were destroyed by a fire.

The "Satyr" that Praxiteles wished to save when Phryne gave the false alarm of fire was the original of "The Marble Faun" in the next picture.

Courtesy of Pratt Institute

FIG. 43. EROS FROM CENTOCELLE. VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME

THE MARBLE FAUN

THIS "Marble Faun," sometimes called "The Satyr Resting," is a copy of the original "Satyr" of Praxiteles. You remember that Phryne deceived the sculptor into believing all his labor was lost if his "Eros" and "Satyr" were burned. "The Marble Faun" is in the Capitol Museum, Rome, by the side of "The Dying Gaul" (see page 42).

Ancient sculptors loved to carve satyrs, especially for fountains. Satyrs were gods of the woods and fields. They wandered about to give greater growth to vegetables and grain and trees. They were the children of Mercury (Hermes) and the Nereids, goddesses of the breezes. At first the satyrs were covered with bristly hair and had two horns and pointed ears and goat-like feet. But later they became fauns and were gladsome, frolicsome creatures. Children loved them, and so did the grown people.

When you read Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" you will find that in the first chapter *Hilda, Miriam, Kenyon* and *Donatello* are standing before this "Marble Faun," in the Capitol Museum, when *Kenyon,* the sculptor, said,

"Donatello, my dear friend, pray gratify us all by taking the exact attitude of this statue." And then he added, as *Donatello* took the attitude, "Yes, the resemblance is wonderful." All three of them then tried to see if *Donatello's* ears were pointed like those in the statue. But *Donatello* would not lift his curls to satisfy their curiosity.

FIG. 44. THE MARBLE FAUN. CAPITOL MUSEUM, ROME

PSYCHE

POOR Psyche! Her beauty and her curiosity brought her great sorrow. Venus saw Psyche's beauty and was jealous. "No mortal," cried Venus, "has a right to be as beautiful as I, a goddess, am." Venus planned to humiliate Psyche. She sent for her son, Cupid—unwise mother! She told him to take one of his arrows and wound Psyche with a love for some one beneath her in social standing. But when Cupid saw Psyche his arrow smote his own heart, and he, the god, loved Psyche, the mortal. Now trouble began!

Cupid married Psyche and took her to his castle, where every wish was granted her save one: she must never see her husband's face. All went well until Psyche's sisters came to see her. At first they made Psyche curious about her husband's looks; then suspicious of him; then jealous. They told her they had heard he was a monster and that some dark night he would kill her. Then they went home, the envious sisters. Poor Psyche! she thought over what the sisters had told her, and at last she stole into Cupid's room one night, and, leaning over him with her lighted lamp, she saw his wonderful beauty. In her surprise and shame that she had mistrusted her husband, she spilled some hot oil on his lovely neck. His beautiful eyes opened, and he looked reproachfully into hers. Without a word he flew out of the window. She called. She tried to follow but fell in the dust. He stopped long enough to say: "Love cannot abide with suspicion." Poor Psyche! For years she was the slave of Venus, but at last almighty Zeus forgave her. Zeus said, as he gave her a cup of Ambrosia:

"Drink this, Psyche, and be immortal; nor shall Cupid ever break away from the knot in which he is tied, but these nuptials shall be perpetual."

This marred and broken statue of Psyche, in the Naples Museum, is the most precious picture we have of Psyche. It is just possible that the great Praxiteles himself made it.

FIG. 45. PSYCHE. NAPLES MUSEUM

THESEUS

PHIDIAS (500?–432? B. C.)

THESEUS was a great national hero. He rid his country of more terrible monsters than any other hero except Hercules (see page 78), but Hercules was a god and Theseus was a man.

One time when Theseus was a very young man he visited his father, the king of Athens. He was told that every year his father had to send to Minos, King of Crete, seven young girls and seven young boys. Theseus found that these young people were fed to the monster Minotaur that lived in a labyrinth on the island. Theseus determined that he would kill the monster. He offered himself as one of the seven boys to be sent to Crete. When they landed on the island King Minos and his daughter Ariadne came to receive the yearly offering.

When Ariadne saw Theseus she loved him and believed in him. She gave him a sword and a spool of thread by which to find his way out of the labyrinth. We can imagine how confident Theseus was as with his sword he led his companions into the secret place. When they came to the monster bull with a human face Theseus cut off his head with his sword. Then Theseus with his companions found their way out of the labyrinth by holding fast to the thread Theseus had unwound as they went in.

Theseus sailed for home with Ariadne; but I will tell you that story next.

The statue of Theseus in the British Museum is the only figure left with a head from among all the statues from the great Parthenon at Athens, made by Phidias, the Greek sculptor.

Fig. 46. Theseus. Phidias. British Museum, London

SLEEPING ARIADNE

AS we look at this most beautiful statue of the "Sleeping Ariadne," in the Vatican, Rome, we cry out in pity, "O Ariadne! why did you go to sleep?"

When Theseus sailed away from Crete with Ariadne (see page 92) he stopped at the island of Naxos, on business, I suppose. While he was away, Ariadne, waiting for him, must have gone to sleep. When Theseus was ready to leave the island and go on with his journey he came for Ariadne but found her sleeping. Instead of waking her, the ungrateful man sailed away without her.

When Ariadne awakened from her sleep she was alone, deserted by the man she had saved. Her grief was very great, but Venus felt sorry and went to Ariadne. The goddess promised that an immortal lover should be her husband; then she left her. Ariadne was still mourning when Bacchus found her. He gave her as a bridal present a wonderful golden crown set with diamonds. When Ariadne died Bacchus threw this beautiful crown into the sky, and we may see it at night as one of the most brilliant constellations in the northern heavens.

Naxos was a favorite island of Bacchus or Dionysus, the god of wine, and is still celebrated for its wonderful wines.

FIG. 47. SLEEPING ARIADNE. VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME

THE FARNESE BULL

TWO brothers who lived in the island of Rhodes about 100 B. C. made this strange group of statues called "The Farnese Bull." The group was taken to Rome about the year 4 A. D. It disappeared for centuries after the fall of Rome, and not until 1546 was it found in the Baths of Caracalla, Rome. Though very badly broken, the group showed a careful finish of each statue, which meant that it originally stood in an open space.

The sculptors have told a strange story, a story I want you to know. Legend says that once upon a time a mother, the queen of Thebes, Greece, whose name was Antiope, had twin sons, Amphion and Zethus. Their father was the mighty Zeus. The sons were born on Mount Cithæron, where they were cared for by shepherds. The sons grew up without knowing their parents.

Antiope was the rightful queen of Thebes, but Lycus stole the throne from her. He married the wicked Dirce and made Antiope the slave of Dirce. At last Antiope ran away to Mount Cithæron but, as fate would have it, just at that time Dirce went to Mount Cithæron to celebrate a festival. When she saw Antiope she, Dirce, sent for Antiope's sons. The sons were followers of the wicked queen Dirce. They knew nothing of their mother Antiope or of the wickedness of Dirce. Dirce told them to bring a wild bull and tie this woman—their own mother—to its horns and set the bull free to drag her to death. Just as they were carrying out Dirce's orders word came to them—I suspect from Zeus—that the woman was their mother. In righteous anger they turned and seized Dirce. In this sculptured group you see them tying the wicked Dirce to the horns instead of their mother Antiope.

Some authorities believe that the figure of Antiope, standing back of the two sons, the bull, and Dirce, was added after the group was made by the brothers, Apollonius and Tauriscus. Study the group carefully and pick out the interesting figures.

FIG. 48. THE FARNESE BULL. NAPLES MUSEUM

FATHER NILE

THE river Nile, one of the longest rivers in the world, rises down in the very center of Africa in Lake Victoria Nyanza. When the snows begin to melt in the African mountains then the Nile, filled with water and mud, rushes to the north through Egypt where it used to overflow its banks once a year. Now the overflow is regulated by men who have charge of the water-supply.

Last August, when I was in Cairo, Egypt, the Nile was full of brown muddy water swirling and tossing in its mad rush to the Mediterranean Sea. In a few days the muddy water was ready to run over its banks and spread its thick mass of fertilizing mud over the fields of Egypt along the Nile. This mud makes a rich harvest for the Egyptians.

When the sculptor—his name is forgotten—made this statue of "Father Nile," about the third century B. C., there may have been nothing to control the untamed Nile in its rush to the sea. You will find by counting the little children climbing over huge Father Nile that there are sixteen of them. Sixteen refers to the measure, possibly in feet, of the rise of the water. The little tots at the feet of Father Nile are playing in the ooze and slime with the crocodiles, trying to find food. The scant overflow has brought a very light harvest. As the water creeps up the sides of Father Nile the children grow happier and fill their hands with vegetables and fruits. When the water reaches all sixteen the little fellow at the top has climbed into the cornucopia filled with lucious fruit.

To-day a big dam at Assuan controls the overflow of the Nile. The people along the Nile no longer fear a famine even if the snow and rain do fail in the mountains of Africa two thousand miles away.

FIG. 49. FATHER NILE. VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY

GUTZON BORGLUM (1867—)

THE children love this statue. It is on the sidewalk in front of the Essex County Court-House, Newark, New Jersey. Here the children can sit by the side of Abraham Lincoln, the man they love, or climb on his knee or into his embracing arms. We all love this great-hearted man who was once a little child. Let us sit here beside him while I retell one of the stories of his boyhood days.

The boys all called him "Abe." But a rough gang began calling him "High" to torment him. Lincoln did not like the new name, for he felt the boys were poking fun at his great height. He avoided these boys, but the town miller knew it was not from fear. He said, "Abe, take the bucket; go down to the spring and get some fresh water for me." Slowly he did as he was bidden. The gang was down there. One of them called out, "Here comes High!" He paid no attention but filled his bucket and started back. One of the boys, Carl, said, "High, I have dropped my knife into the spring; the water is too deep for me to get it, but your long arms can reach it easy enough." Still he said nothing even when the boy grabbed his sleeve and tore it.

Very quietly Abe set down his bucket, took the boy in his long arms, carried him to the spring, and dipped him head foremost into the water. When he lifted him out the boy held the lost knife in his wet hand. Then Lincoln said to the boy, "When your father has a piece of timber too short, he splices it; so I had to splice my arm by using yours." He picked up his bucket and went back to the miller.

"No, sir," he answered the miller, "I was n't fighting; I was helping Carl get his knife out of the spring." The gang never called him "High" again.

Courtesy of the Sculptor

FIG. 50. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. GUTZON BORGLUM. NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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